THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 18, 1805.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ON PITY,

Particularly as it regards the inferior Animals.

" The well-taught philoſophic mind
" To all compaſſion gives,—
" Caſts round the world an equal eye,
" And feels for all that lives."

BARBAULD.

IT is a lamentable fact, that a very great portion of mankind ſeem as inſenſible to the ſufferings of the inferior part of the animal creation, as if they conſidered it to conſiſt of mere pieces of mechaniſm, or of organized bodies, which, though poſſeſſing a vital principle, are yet deſtitute of feeling.

It muſt, however, be obvious to the notices of common ſenſe, that the various ſpecies of animals exhibit evident ſymptoms of their ſuſceptibility of the oppoſite ſenſations of pain and pleaſure. To ſport with thoſe feelings, ſurely evinces a barbarity of diſpoſition highly diſgraceful to beings having any pretenſions to the poſſeſſion of rational powers; and betrays a dereliction of thoſe principles of humanity and compaſſion, which were, doubtleſs, originally implanted, and ſtill in ſome caſes are cheriſhed in the human breaſt.

Indeed ſuch is the deterioration of the moral ſtate of our nature, that a ſimilar diſpoſition is variouſly manifeſted. It cannot be controverted, that the hiſtory of mankind furniſhes more numerous and ſtriking inſtances of enmity and malevolence,

than of love and friendſhip, and no acute obſerver can have omitted to notice, not only the enmity which ſubſiſts amongſt men in general, reſulting frequently from the moſt trivial cauſes, but alſo the inſincerity of profeſſed and apparent friendſhip; and many inſtances muſt have fallen within the ſphere of his obſervation, of a ſecret diſlike and averſion lurking under the ſpecious garb of what is falſely termed politeneſs, as well as ill will manifeſting itſelf amongſt perſons united in the bonds of ſectarian connections and coincidence of principle.

Where, as in the preſent inſtance, the natural diſpoſition is unreſtrained by the force of poſitive and penal laws, its malignity is often palpably diſplayed; but in nothing more than the pleaſure which many profeſs to derive from circumſtances which are creative of pain to the inferior animals. A mere indifference to their ſufferings might be conſidered but as a kind of negative vice: but when we ſee the "lords of the creation" amuſing themſelves at the expence of the deſtruction and torture of the creatures which were formed, in a great meaſure, for their ſervice, and committed to their care, every heart, which yet retains ſome portion of pity and honourable feeling, revolts at the turpitude of the crime, and muſt feel diſpoſed, however reluctantly, to join in the pathetic apoſtrophe of the poet:

"Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage;
For hunger kindles you, and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguiſh, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid boſoms never knew."

THOMSON.

"So violent," ſays a late juſtly celebrated writer,* "are the paſſions of anger and revenge in the human heart, that it is not wonderful that men ſhould proſecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there ſhould exiſt in nature, a being who can receive pleaſure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable diſpoſition is in ſome meaſure inherent in the nature of man; for as he cannot be taught by example, nor led to it by temptation, or prompted to it by intereſt, it muſt be derived from his native conſtitution, and is a remarkable confirmation of what revelation ſo frequently inculcates—that he brings into the world with him an original depravity, the effects of a fallen and degenerate ſtate; in proof of which, we need only obſerve, that the nearer he approaches to a ſtate of nature,

* Mr. Soame Jenyns.

nature, the more predominant the diſpoſition appears, and the more violently it operates."

It may be added, there are not even wanting men of abilities and education, who openly defend the inhuman practices here alluded to, and advance arguments in their favour.

It has been, perhaps juſtly, contended, that many ſpecies of animals were originally deſigned for our food, and that, therefore, we have a right to deprive them of life; but is this (not undiſputed) principle ſufficient to juſtify indiſcriminate ſlaughter, and unneceſſary pain?—to authorize the converſion of a circumſtance which is, at beſt, but a neceſſary evil, into the means of ſport and amuſement.

To urge in defence of thoſe practices, a political argument founded on the influence they are ſuppoſed to have in forming national manners to heroiſm, and in the conſervation of a martial ſpirit amongſt the people is not only puerile, inaſmuch as on the ſuppoſition of ſuch influence being real it would be inadequate, from the moſt obvious moral principles, as a juſtificatory plea; but it will alſo be found, on examination, an egregious fallacy.

Is it ſupported by matter of fact? Thoſe amuſements have been in this country for centuries, in a ſtate of perpetual declenſion, and are now incomparably leſs uſed than they formerly were; but will it be alledged, that the national ſpirit has ſunk below the ancient level? will it be ſaid that the luſtre of our arms ſhone leſs brilliantly on the ſands of Egypt, than on the plains of Creſſy? The truth is, whilſt the popular manners have greatly refined from ancient barbariſm, courage now conſtitutes as ſtrong a feature in the national character as it ever did. Does reaſon ſanction it? By frequent expoſure to perſonal danger, men may habitually acquire an acceſſion of fortitude and intrepidity; but ſurely it will not be ſeriouſly contended, that the practice of deſtroying or worrying the little tribes of the feathered creation, and other helpleſs animals, ſome of which are phyſically incapable, and others artificially denied the means of oppoſing reſiſtance, can have any other effect than that of tinCturing the diſpoſition with the abominable combination of cruelty and cowardice.

But the man of refined ſentiments feels that arguments on ſuch a ſubject are ſuperfluous. The ſacred principle which actuates his boſom, conſtitutes an intuition of the congruity of univerſal benevolence with the moral order and fitneſs of things; whilſt it fills it with a ſecret delight and ſelf-complacency.

" Theſe, and a thouſand images of bliſs,
With which kind nature graces every ſcene
Where cruel man defeats not her deſign,
Impart to the benevolent, who wiſh

" All that are capable of pleaſure pleaſed,
A far ſuperior happineſs to their's,
The comfort of a reaſonable joy."

COWPER.

Some minds, ſurely, poſſeſs ſources of exquiſite happineſs which are entirely unknown to others. Of theſe, which are in general,

———————" Such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,"

the principle in queſtion is not of the leaſt conſiderable. The ſympathy it produces is attended by emotions of the moſt pleaſurable nature, particularly heightened by reflections on its reſemblance to the unlimited bounty and univerſal care of the common Creator:

———" The love of nature works,
And warms the boſom; till at laſt ſublimed
We feel the preſent Deity, and taſte
The joy of God to ſee a happy world."

THOMSON.

Happy! truly happy, that heart, which is the ſeat of pure and unconfined benevolence! whoſe affections embrace the remoteſt extent of the world, and engender a principle of real love and tender ſenſibility for every gradation of animate exiſtence reſpectively, from the archangel to the animalcule!

A. Z.

Falmouth, January, 1805.

ANECDOTES *of the late* ALDERMAN BOYDELL.

THIS celebrated character, who has been ſo juſtly honoured with the title of the father of the arts, was born at Donnington, in Shropſhire, in January, 1719. His father, who was a land-ſurveyor, had deſtined him for his own profeſſion; but, from a ſudden predilection to the art of engraving, he left his native place, walked up to London, and at the age of 21 apprenticed himſelf for ſeven years to an engraver! His conduct during his apprenticeſhip was eminently aſſiduous; for in this period he perfected himſelf in drawing and the art of perſpective, and even attained the French language without a maſter, making a point of attending the French chapel, to acquire the pronunciation. The laſt year of his indentures he purchaſed of his maſter, paid a viſit to his native place, and married an amiable perſon,

perſon, the object of his early affections; after which he returned, and commenced buſineſs for himſelf.

His firſt publication made its appearance in 1745, and was called The Bridge Book. The ſucceſs this little work met with gave him great encouragement; and he continued to employ himſelf in deſigning and engraving many views of places in and about London, beſides copying prints from Vandevelde, Brooking Berghem, Oſtade, Caſtiglione, Salvator Roſa, &c. and the manner in which they were executed evinced conſiderable talent. Finding how much the taſte for prints prevailed, and obſerving with concern the immenſe ſums drawn out of the country by foreign artiſts, he, with that patriotic ſpirit which ſo peculiarly characteriſed him, reſolved to endeavour to turn this current of wealth, and this by his induſtry and perſeverance he finally did.

In Woollet he found an artiſt who could equal if not excel any foreign one. The firſt prints which he engraved were the Temple of Apollo from Claude, and the two premium pictures of the Smiths of Chicheſter: theſe were followed in 1761 by the Niobe and the Phæton from Wilſon, which might be juſtly called the two great pillars on which Woollet's reputation was built, and proved ſuch a ſpecimen of the Engliſh ſchool as gained the admiration of all Europe. Alderman Boydell now firſt attempted that undertaking, which from its magnitude has aſtoniſhed every nation in Europe. We allude to his ſchool of Britiſh hiſtorical painting in the ſplendid eſtabliſhment of the Shakeſpeare Gallery. By his engraving at an immenſe expence a vaſt number of fine prints, and endeavouring to eſtabliſh this ſchool, he has expended more than three hundred and fifty thouſand pounds. The benefits that were thus obtained to the arts and artiſts muſt be obvious to many: indeed, they are of that nature as juſtly to rank him as one of the firſt benefactors of his country.

Of his conduct as an alderman, ſheriff, and chief magiſtrate, his behaviour was ſuch as will long be remembered moſt gratefully. Attentive to the intereſts and wiſhes of his fellow-citizens of every denomination, humble as a citizen, but ſplendid as a magiſtrate. In the council-chamber of Guildhall are proofs of his patriotiſm and ardour for the promotion of the arts. We allude to the pictures there preſented by him to the corporation. On his private character we might dwell with great pleaſure; ſuffice it to ſay, it was diſtinguiſhed by ſimplicity of manners, integrity of mind, private worth, and ſolid piety.

HEROIC

HEROIC ACHIEVEMENT *of a* BOY.

THE following occurrence, which took place on Tuesday night, the 5th of March, 1805, reflects high credit on the presence of mind of a boy, by which his master's vessel was saved from the hands of the French, and will, no doubt, meet with its due reward. The following is an accurate statement of the fact:—A French lugger privateer, with a dark foresail, took possession of the William and Elizabeth fishing smack, belonging to Dartmouth, within a few miles of Dungeness, on the above night. The privateer fired four times into them, and after the capture took out the master and one boy, and left an old man and another boy on board, until they could send the boat again with Frenchmen to take possession. In the interval, the boy who had been left on board, put up the helm, and made off with the vessel. The privateer fired several vollies at the smack, wounded the old man, and filled her deck and sides with musquet balls, and pursued her 'till they came within sight of Admiral Douglas's squadron, when the privateer made off for the French coast, and the boy carried the smack in among the squadron, and put the wounded man on board the Utile, being the first vessel he could reach.

Curious Particulars of Jean Marie Hervagault, who pretends to be the Dauphin of France, and the Son of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

[From Mr. Phillips's Edition of Kotzebue's Travels from Berlin to Paris.]

JEAN MARIE HERVAGAULT is the son of a taylor at St. Lo, of a prepossessing figure, features bearing great resemblance to those of Louis XVI. fair, slender, lively, communicative without suspicion, quickly penetrating and feigning innocence in a masterly manner; of course a person of great endowments, but of no education. He is supposed to be a natural son of the late duke of Valentinois, who possessed estates in Normandy. The strange events of the revolution disordered his senses; he saw that many had raised themselves from obscurity, and he wished to do the same. In September, 1796, he left his father's house, and strolled as a vagabond about the country, declaring himself to be the son of a family of rank, reduced to distress by the revolution. His youth, his innocent appearance, and the plausibility of his story, every where procured him a favourable reception and relief. He had no passport, but was never asked for one. He became bolder, and attempted likewise to carry on his trade in the

towns. He came to Cherbourg, but was ſoon taken up as a vagrant.

His father, the taylor, being apprized of this, haſtened to fetch him, and was not a little ſurpriſed to find him richly provided with money and jewels. He brought him back to St. Lo, where the briſk young blade did not, however, ſtay long, but ſoon ran away a ſecond time, ſtrolled through the department of Calvados; and, having improved both in body and in mind, he became more ingeniouſly inventive in his ſtories than at firſt. He ſometimes paſſed for a ſon of the prince of Monaco, and ſometimes for the heir of the duke d'Urſel in the Netherlands. He thus raiſed himſelf ſtep by ſtep, and ere long made himſelf a relation of Lewis XVI. of the Emperor Joſeph II. and of the king of Pruſſia. For the ſake of his ſafety, which was threatened, he travelled in women's clothes, pretending that he was juſt returned from England, whither he had been taking ſome money to his emigrant father. Many, very many people of rank and education, were deceived, for he flattered their former prejudices; the ladies in particular ſhewed a decided partiality for him, becauſe he addreſſed their hearts. His adventures began to attract ſome notice, and he was arreſted a ſecond time in female attire, and conducted to priſon, at Bayeux, at the diſtance of only ten leagues from St. Lo. His father came again to procure his deliverance, which, in conſideration of his youth, was indulgently granted, and the lad replaced under paternal authority. He was now to learn the trade of a taylor, an inſufferable thought to his mind. He broke looſe a third time.

In 1797 he was in the diligence, or ſtage coach, between Laval and Alencon, very plainly and decently habited, according to his ſex. Not far from the latter place, he alighted, and bruſhed off to a village by the road-ſide, called Les Joncherets. Being benighted, he begged quarters of a peaſant, who directed him to the houſe of Mademoiſelle Talon Lacombe for better accommodation. To this lady he declared himſelf to be one of the family of Montmorency, who had a caſtle and eſtates near Dreux, but was obliged to fly from his perſecutors. She conceived a lively intereſt for his ſituation, and ſupplied him with money and clothes, which he promiſed to re-pay upon his arrival at Dreux. Here he lived for awhile much at his eaſe, acted the part of a man of quality, and preſented, for inſtance, the oſtler who ſaddled his riding-horſe, with a louis d'or.

At laſt he felt himſelf induced to ſet off, and Mademoiſelle Lacombe accompanied him to Dreux, to get back the value of what ſhe had advanced to him. They ſafely reached the place; but both caſtle and eſtates had vaniſhed. Can any thing be more natural? The revolution accounts for every thing. Poorer by

fifty

fifty louis d'ors, and richer in experience, the lady returned home. The young hero continually gained in boldneſs. In the month of May, 1798, he ventured in the diligence to Meaux, only eight leagues from Paris, and alighted at the inn, where he, indeed, obtained ſome refreſhment, but, having no paſſport, was refuſed a night's lodging. The wife of a Paris merchant, Lavarine, who happened to be at Meaux, took pity, on him, and permitted him to ſleep in her warehouſe. This encouraged him to aſk farther favours, and he ſucceeded. He repreſented himſelf as a rich farmer's ſon at Domery, who had fled to avoid being enrolled as a recruit, and madame made him a preſent of four louis d'ors, upon which he hired a place in the diligence for Straſbourg.

About one league from Chalons he diſappeared, and the poſtillion in vain waited his return. He went to the village of Mery, and wiſhed to make good his ſtory at the caſtle of Guignaucourt; but, being ſuſpected, he was put under arreſt, and taken before the juſtice of peace at Cernon. Being aſked who he was, he myſteriouſly replied: "He had no anſwer to make to ſuch a queſtion." He was ſent to Chalons, where, being again aſked to give his name, he proudly ſaid, "You will learn it but too ſoon." At laſt he ſaid, he was called Louis Antoine Jean Francois de Langueville; that his father was dead, and that his mother, Madame Sainte Emilie, lived at Beuzeville, near Pont Audemar, in the department of Eure. It muſt be confeſſed, that it is impoſſible to tell a lie more circumſtantially. Confined in the priſon of Chalons, Hervagault aſſumed an air of grandeur, and a myſterious deportment; he tempted the curious, gave ſignificant hints, and in ſhort, ere long it was whiſpered about: "It is the dauphin! the ſon of Louis XVI.!" The jailor himſelf believed the ſtory, and advanced him money. The wives of two merchants of the towns Saignes and Felize were initiated in the ſecret, which ſoon ſpread about; and no one any longer doubted. His figure, his manners—"You need but ſee him," exclaimed the credulous ſouls, "to recogniſe him at the very firſt look." All the inhabitants of Chalons, of the privileged orders, were by degrees made confidents and adherents; and they all vied with each other in ſupporting this ill-fated offspring of their king. His table was daily ſerved with dainties of every deſcription, his rooms were elegantly furniſhed, maſters were given him, the jailor treated him with deference and reſpect; his priſoner was allowed to walk about as often as he pleaſed, but always in the diſguiſe of a female; in fine, his dungeon was as it were metamorphoſed into a pleaſure-houſe.

Meanwhile the perſons who were let into the ſecret were not ſufficiently diſcreet. A word dropt here and there in the gladneſs of their hearts, arouſed the vigilance of the magiſtrates;

and, after this masquerade was played two months, Hervagault was made to undergo stricter examinations. With artifice and gestures that seemed to belie his words, he now declared that he was the son of a taylor at St. Lo. The father was applied to in writing, confirmed the truth of the declaration, and the offender was sentenced to one month's imprisonment. This mild punishment was considered as a victory by those who thought they really knew the secret: during his trial, they trembled lest the real origin of the prisoner should not escape discovery. In order to free him from the prying vigilance of the police, they abundantly furnished him with money and jewels, and thus facilitated his retreat. He was very well satisfied with the issue, and now began to act his part at Vire, in the department of Calvados. Here he made but a few proselytes, was soon arrested again, and with greater severity doomed to two years' imprisonment.

As the inhabitants of Nire only considered him as a young vagabond, he would have passed these two years very sorrily, had not his faithful adherents at Chalons continued to support him; on which occasion the consoling Madame Saignes conducted the correspondence. This woman really wished him well, and advised him to apply the time of his confinement to the improvement of his education; but he gave way to drinking, and at the end of two years left the prison worse than when he entered. Madame Saignes herself went to fetch him from Vire to Chalons, into the bosom of his faithful and devoted friends. The most splendid preparations were made for his reception. He arrived, received congratulations, had flowers strewed at his feet, and was treated with the most distinguished respect. In short, the horn of plenty was again most copiously poured out on the taylor's son of St. Lo. When the police discovered these proceedings, his partisans, upon deliberation, found it expedient to send the dauphin on his travels. His route was so contrived that he every where found confidential friends, who, being previously informed of his supposed high birth, shewed him all the respect due to that exalted station. He was once at Rheims, twice at Vitry le Francais, and often at different country-seats, where balls, concerts, and feasts of every kind, were given in honour of him.

At Vitry he was splendidly and conveniently lodged at the house of Madame de Rambecour, whose husband closely followed all his footsteps, waited upon him with the most attentive zeal, and served him like a valet. On St. Louis's day a superb fete was prepared for him, it being the feast of the saint whose name he bore. The ladies sung songs composed in honour of him. In the confidential circles which he frequented, they always called him, *mon prince!* his portrait was handed about as that of the dauphin, and it was reported that the pope himself

had imprinted a mark on his leg, to know him again by; finally, a letter was handed about from a biſhop, in which this deluded prelate writes in expreſſions of the profoundeſt reſpect for this young vagabond; and, by his example, convinced many who were ſtill wavering in their belief. Already was a court formed round Louis XVII.; he had immediately his favourites, and was going to nominate thoſe who were to hold the great offices of his houſehold. Many names of conſequence were to be found among them. They all glowed with enthuſiaſm, and prepared to make the greateſt ſacrifices. Men of birth and rank deemed themſelves fortunate in being able to perform the meaneſt drudgery of menial ſervice for him. Miſers turned ſpendthrifts, that they might have the honour of entertaining him. It was very natural that ſuch proceedings ſhould not eſcape the eye of a vigilant police. Fouche was informed at Paris of all that was going forward at Vitry; and a warrant put an end to the farce.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT *of the* TAVISTOCK CANAL.

SUCH of our readers as take an intereſt in important national works, will not be diſpleaſed with ſome account of the canal lately begun in the neighbourhood of Taviſtock. Near that town, and between the river Tavy, which flows through it, and the Tamar, which forms almoſt the whole line of ſeparation between the counties of Devon and Cornwall, is a hill called Morwel Down, riſing to the height of about 700 feet above the level of the tide. Being at the centre of a diſtrict in which valuable mines, both of copper and tin, but principally of the former, have lately been diſcovered, and having on its ſurface the ſymptoms of veins, or as the Corniſh miners call them, lodes, which will probably yield thoſe metals, plans of piercing through this mountain have often been propoſed; and lately, owing to the ſpirited exertions of gentlemen concerned in the neighbouring mines, ſeconded by the concurrence of his grace the duke of Bedford, on whoſe property the whole is ſituated, the ſcheme has been entered into, and ſome conſiderable progreſs in its execution already made. As the river Tavy is not navigable, while the Tamar, at the foot of the ground propoſed to be cut through, is ſo for large veſſels, the idea of opening a canal from each end of the propoſed tunnel, to make a water communication between the interior country and the river, eaſily ſuggeſted itſelf. The undertaking, therefore, embraces two great objects; firſt, to ſerve the public, by forming an eaſy conveyance for limeſtone, coal, ores, ſlate and other heavy articles, which are daily paſſed along its line; and, ſecondly, to be the means of diſcovering

vering the treaſures at preſent concealed in the bowels of this mountain. An act of parliament for the navigation was paſſed in the ſummer of 1803, and in the month of Auguſt the works were begun.

From a report of the committee of management lately made to the general meeting of proprietors, which has been printed, we find, that to complete this undertaking, after riſing to the proper level from the river Tamar, by an inclined plane, a tunnel, about a mile and three quarters long, muſt be driven through the hill, and that the canal muſt be carried over a valley at the height of more than 40 feet, where the navigation will branch off, the main part going to the town of Taviſtock, and paſſing ſome copper mines, and the other part reaching to the extenſive ſlate quarries of Mill Hill. The engineer has been able already to complete nearly 300 yards of the tunnel. The tunnel is worked from each of its ends, and likewiſe from ſhafts ſunk, and which are ſinking, upon its courſe; water from the river Tavy will be turned through the open part of the canal, and will be made to fall over very powerful wheels for draining the ſhafts, ventilating the levels, &c. &c. The ſearch for minerals has already been attended with ſome ſucceſs. The vein or lode worked in a neighbouring mine has been traced into the limits of the canal, and near the end of the tunnel it has been diſcovered to contain rich copper ore.

Narrative of the Loſs of the Earl of Abergavenny Eaſt Indiaman, Captain John Wordſworth, off Portland, on the Night of February 5, 1805.

IT is now ſomething more than nineteen years ago, namely, on the 6th of January, 1786, that the wreck of the Halſewell* Eaſt Indiaman, Captain Pierce, at Seacombe, in the Iſle of Purbeck, excited the moſt general attention, and the ſincereſt regret. We have now to record an inſtance in ſome reſpects ſimilar, and equally melancholy. The outſet of the Halſewell, like that of the Earl of Abergavenny, united every appearance which could promiſe a happy and proſperous voyage. The latter was one of the fineſt ſhips in the ſervice, and in the moſt perfect condition for her voyage. The commander of diſtinguiſhed ability and exemplary character, and the gentleneſs of his demeanour had created him the title of what few ſeamen can lay claim to, that of the philoſopher; his officers were men of approved ſkill, and the crew well-choſen and numerous.

* For an account of this diſaſtrous event ſee the ſeventh volume of the Weekly Entertainer, in which it forms two articles, one beginning at page 145, and the other at page 175.

The Earl of Abergavenny was of 1200 tons burthen; it was her fifth voyage, and deſtined for Bengal and China.

By the returns at the Eaſt India Houſe, it appears that on ſailing from Portſmouth, the

Ship's company conſiſted of	160 men
Troops (king's and company's)	159 do.
Paſſengers at the captain's table	40
Ditto at the third mate's	11
Chineſe	32
Total	402

Ships of this burthen are in general employed only for China; but the company, ever attentive to commercial experiments, had, from their good opinion of the commander, fixed on the Earl of Abergavenny to lade cotton from Bengal for the Canton market: an experiment which, from the improved method of preſſing this important article of Indian traffic, promiſed the moſt complete ſucceſs. The following is the correct amount of the ſhip's invoice:

	£.	s.	d.
For Bengal	61,600	4	4
Ditto	1,289	0	4
Ditto	8,076	3	0
China	18,110	4	2
£.	89,075	11	10

The Earl of Abergavenny holding out ſuch proſpects of accommodation, could not but be well filled with paſſengers. A ſhip of 1200 tons, deſtined to Bengal, was an allurement not to be reſiſted—its capabilities were of the firſt magnitude—it was, in ſhort, the favourite ſhip of the ſeaſon; the captain's table was ſoon filled, and what but a veſſel of 1200 tons could have furniſhed decent ſpace for forty paſſengers at the commander's table—moſt of them fully acquainted with the luxuries of life, and perhaps not bleſſed with the mild forbearance of their hoſt.

There was another reaſon too, which unfortunately added to the crowded ſituation of the ſhip. Formerly, cadets took rank from the date of their appointments; but, by a late regulation of the court of directors, they obtain commiſſions only from the priority of arrival. It was a great privilege given up; but it reflected infinite credit on thoſe who could thus generouſly wave their individual privileges, for the benefit of a whole community.

The

The third mate's meſs was completely full; fifteen daily partook of its hoſpitalities.

Amid the hurry and confuſion attending the ſignal for ſailing of a fleet, the firſt and third mates of the Abergavenny, with a cadet, and an enſign of the 8th regiment, were left on ſhore at Portſmouth. Every endeavour to regain the ſhip appeared fruitleſs; but when they were almoſt in deſpair of ſucceſs, the maſter of an open boat, tempted by the ſplendid offer of forty guineas, put off, with the ſupply of a fortnight's proviſion on board, and, unhappily for the firſt mate, overtook the veſſel.

The cadet muſt have had leave of abſence from the ſhip; for, by a late benevolent regulation of the Eaſt India Company, a table is provided for perſons of this deſcription, on board their reſpective ſhips, while lying at Portſmouth, in order to guard againſt the allurements too prevalent in a port, not proverbially nice in its morality, or limited in its charge.

The Shambles, on which the Earl of Abergavenny ſtruck, (a ſhoal of ſhingles and rock) extends along the ſouth ſide of the iſland of Portland, about a mile and a half or two miles from the land; between which there is water enough for the largeſt ſhip in the navy to paſs.

Thoſe mariners who are acquainted with it, going from Portland Roads to the weſtward, always take eſpecial care to ſteer within the Shambles; a meaſure they equally preſerve in working from the weſtward.

As a caution to inexperienced mariners, it may not be improper to obſerve, that it will be well to keep outſide, by ſtanding a league to the ſouthward of the iſland, or rather more; by which means they will avoid both the Shambles and the Race—thoſe fatal Scylla and Charybdis of the coaſt.

In the general opinion of thoſe who think they "beſt can tell," the loſs of the Earl of Abergavenny may be attributed to the ignorance of the pilot. The reſt of the fleet in going from the weſtward, had gained the eaſt end of Portland, and were brought up in the road before the flood-tide had finiſhed; but the Earl of Abergavenny, from having waited for a pilot to the weſtward, and other cauſes of delay, poſſibly from not ſailing quite ſo faſt, was rather aſtern; and ere ſhe could round the iſland, the ſtrong current of ebb tide forced her on the ſpot, which produced the fatal diſaſter.

Having thus circumſtantially related the ſuppoſed cauſes of the Earl of Abergavenny having got on the Shambles, we ſhall now let Mr. Gilpin, the fourth-mate, a moſt active and reſpectable officer, ſpeak for himſelf. The following is a correct copy of his account, delivered in to the court of directors.

Memorandum

Memorandum reſpecting the Loſs of the Earl of Abergavenny.

" AT 10 A. M. being about ten leagues to the weſtward of Portland, the commodore made the ſignal to bear up—did ſo accordingly. At this time, having main-top-gallant-maſt ſtruck, fore and mizen ditto on deck, and the jibber in, the wind about W. S. W. at three P. M. got on board a pilot, being about two leagues to the weſtward of Portland; ranged and bitted both cables at about half paſt three, called all hands and got out the jib-boom at about four. While croſſing the eaſt end of the Shambles, the wind ſuddenly died away, and a ſtrong tide ſetting the ſhip to the weſtward, drifted her into the breakers, and a ſea ſtriking her on the larboard quarter, brought her to, with her head to the northward, when ſhe inſtantly ſtruck, it being about five P. M. Let out all the reefs, and hoiſted the topſails up, in hopes to ſhoot the ſhip acroſs the Shambles. About this time the wind ſhifted to the N. W. The ſurf driving us off, and the tide ſetting us on alternately, ſometimes having four and a half, at others nine fathoms, ſand of the ſea about eight feet, continued in this ſituation till about half paſt ſeven, when ſhe got off. During the time ſhe was on the Shambles, had from three to four feet water; kept the water at this height about fifteen minutes, during the whole time the pumps conſtantly going. Finding ſhe gained on us, it was determined to run her on the neareſt ſhore. About eight, the wind ſhifted to the eaſtward; the leak continuing to gain upon the pumps, having ten or eleven feet water, found it expedient to bale at the fore-ſcuttle and hatchway. The ſhip would not bear up—kept the helm hard a ſtarboard, ſhe being water-logged; but ſtill had a hope ſhe could be kept up till we got her on Weymouth Sands. Cut the laſhings of the boats—could not get the long boat out, without laying the main-top-ſail aback, by which our progreſs would have been ſo delayed, that no hope would have been left us of running her aground; and there being ſeveral ſloops in ſight, one having ſent a ſmall ſkiff on board, took away two ladies and three other paſſengers, and put them on board the ſloop, at the ſame time promiſing to return and take away a hundred or more of the people; ſhe finding much difficulty in getting back to the ſloop did not return. About this time, the third mate and purſer were ſent in the cutter to get aſſiſtance from the other ſhips. Continued pumping and baling till 11 P. M.* when ſhe ſunk—laſt caſt of the lead 11 fathoms; having fired guns from the time ſhe ſtruck till ſhe went down, about two A. M. boats came,

* This time differs by an hour from that reported to us by various correſpondents.

and took the people from the wreck, about 70 in number. The troops, in particular the dragoons, pumped very well."

" THOMAS GILPIN."

The ſhip remained on the rocks nearly an hour, beating inceſſantly with great violence, the ſhocks being ſo great, that the officers and men could ſcarcely keep their footing on the deck. At 4 P. M. the ſhocks became leſs violent, and in about a quarter of an hour ſhe cleared the rocks. The ſails were immediately ſet, with an intention to run for the firſt port, as the ſhip made much water; but the leak increaſed ſo faſt, that the ſhip would not anſwer the helm. Captain Wordſworth and his officers were, notwithſtanding, of opinion that the ſhip might be got off without ſuſtaining any material damage, and accordingly no ſignal guns of diſtreſs were ordered to be fired for upwards of an hour and a half afterwards, when twenty were diſcharged. The officers, although ſenſible of the danger of the ſhip, in order to prevent general confuſion, preſerved, as much as poſſible, by their ſilence, the minds of the paſſengers from alarm.

Soon, however, things bore a ſtill more unfavourable aſpect: the carpenter announced that a conſiderable leak was diſcovered near the bottom of the chain-pumps, which it was not in his power to ſtop, the water guſhed in ſo faſt. The pumps being all in readineſs were ſet a-going, and a part of the crew endeavoured to bale her at the fore-hatch-way and fore-ſcuttle; but all their attempts to keep the water under were in vain.

At ſix P. M. the inevitable loſs of the ſhip became more and more apparent; other leaks were diſcovered, the wind had increaſed to a gale, and the ſevere beating of the veſſel upon the rocks threatened immediate deſtruction. The captain and officers were far from ſhrinking from the perils around them. They gave their orders with the greateſt firmneſs and coolneſs, and by their proper conduct were enabled to preſerve ſubordination. As the night advanced, the ſituation of all on board became the more terrible:—Miſs Evans, Miſs Jackſon, and ſeveral other paſſengers intreated to be ſent on ſhore; but this was impoſſible. It was as much as all the ſhip's company could do to keep the veſſel afloat. In order to tempt the men to exert their utmoſt powers at the pumps, the officers ſtood by cheering and encouraging them. At ſeven P. M. the ſhip's company being almoſt exhauſted, it was thought adviſable to fire freſh ſignal guns, in hopes of obtaining boats from the ſhore, to ſave as many of the people on board as poſſible.

The guns were again diſcharged inceſſantly. The purſer, with the third officer, Mr. Wordſworth, (nephew to the unfortunate captain) and ſix ſeamen were ſent on ſhore, in one of the ſhip's boats, to give notice to the inhabitants of the diſtreſſed ſtate of the ſhip and crew. At this time a pilot boat came off,

and

and Mr. Evans, with his daughter, Miſs Jackſon, Mr. Routledge*, Mr. Taylor, and a cadet, were embarked for the ſhore, notwithſtanding a dreadful ſea, which threatened them with almoſt inſtant loſs. Mrs. Blair choſe, in ſpite of all entreaties, to remain on board; indeed there were many who would have made the ſame choice, ſo little hope was there of the boat contending ſucceſsfully againſt the high ſea, in ſo dark a night.

It was now about nine o'clock, and ſeveral boats were heard at a ſhort diſtance from the ſhip; but they rendered no aſſiſtance to the diſtreſſed on board. Whether this was owing to their being employed in the humane purpoſe of ſaving thoſe who had clung to pieces of wreck (upon which many had ventured from the veſſel), or becauſe they were engaged in plunder, is a matter which has not been aſcertained.

* Mr. Routledge, who got on ſhore in ſafety, was on board the Lord Nelſon, when that ſhip was captured, after the moſt gallant defence on the part of her officers and crew, and had the good fortune to reſiſt the ſtroke of a dagger, by the accidental poſition of his cartouch-box. This conduct had not eſcaped the obſervation of the court of directors, and had been noticed, in the warmeſt terms, to the Bengal government.

(To be continued.)

Curious Method of curing Litigious Diſpoſitions.

THE Rev. Mr. R. a gentleman of ſingular humour, and a brother to a no leſs ſingular law peer, retired to eaſe and independence, as the rector of ———, in the county of Kent. Being a juſtice of the peace, he was frequently teazed with idle differences among the inhabitants of the place. Not being willing to be broken in upon with ſuch frivolous complaints, when application was made to him for redreſs of ſome imaginary injury, his cuſtom was to diſmiſs them, with ſaying, "he would ſend for them when he had leiſure to attend to their buſineſs." The firſt rainy day that happened, he took care to ſend for the parties, and received them ſitting in the porch of the door, which juſt provided ſhelter for himſelf and clerk, while the complainants were obliged to ſtand expoſed to the inclement ſky, all the while uncovered, to pay proper reſpect to the king's juſtice of the peace. By this means he entirely cured the country folks in his neighbourhood of litigious diſpoſitions. His blunt manner of enforcing wholeſome truths as a clergyman, was as remarkable as his peculiarity as a magiſtrate. One Sunday he was preaching upon moral duties from theſe words, "Render therefore unto all their due." In explaining his text he obſerved,

ſerved, that there were duties which a man owed to himſelf as well as to others;" and added he, "when they are not attended to, I never have a good opinion of the man. For this reaſon," he proceeds, turning himſelf to a particular part of the church, "I have never had a good opinion of you, John Trott, ſince you ſold me thoſe ſix ſheep, ſix months ago, and have never called for the money."

ACCOUNT *of* GENERAL CHRISTOPHE.

[From a late American Newſpaper.]

HENRY CHRISTOPHE, general of the diviſion of the north, and chancellor of ſtate, is an Engliſh negro, being born in the iſland of St. Chriſtopher's, from whence he takes his name. He is a large, ſtout fellow, not of the very blackeſt hue, and rather handſome. His eye is acute and penetrating, and when in pleaſant humour, his countenance is ſomewhat engaging. He appears to be about forty years of age, is very polite, and very much of the gentleman in his manners. He is able to read and write, and is poſſeſſed of a good deal of underſtanding and of cunning. He is of a very ferocious, violent, and cruel diſpoſition, and exerciſes ſo much tyrannical ſeverity over his inferiors, that they are in perfect dread of him. Notwithſtanding this, he is looked upon as the next man to Deſſalines, and in all probability will ſucceed him in the chief command.

He is never heard to ſpeak a word of Engliſh, but always converſes with Engliſhmen or Americans through an interpreter. His policy in this is, doubtleſs, that he does not wiſh to be thought a foreigner.

Before the revolution, this hero kept a dram-ſhop at the Cape. He then turned privateer-man, and cruized out of the iſland in French privateers. From thence he went on ſhore, and procured ſome low commiſſion in the brigand army; and by degrees has arrived to the rank he now holds.

Chriſtophe ſeldom appears in the ſtreets but on horſeback. He dreſſes elegantly, and rides a handſome horſe, richly capariſoned, which he alway gallops very faſt.

A QUESTION, *by Jack Gage, the Exciſeman.*

ADMIT a caſk of the ſpherodical kind, lying with its axis parallel to the horizon, has a certain quantity of liquor in it: the ſum of the bung and head diameter 56 inches, the length 48 inches, and wet inches 14; what is the content of this ullage in wine gallons?

Anſwer, by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth, to W. Bedford's Charade, inſerted the 10th of September.

FIRE-BEACON will, if right I deem,
Diſplay the ſubject of your theme.

Anſwer, by R. Bailey, of Truro, to J. Ninnis's Enigma, inſerted November 16.

A GUINEA, Sir, doth make me caper,
For I prefer it much to paper.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Jarvis, of Malborough.

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to E. Moon's Charade, inſerted December 17.

WITH *Cod* and *Ling* the ocean doth abound,
CODLING's a fruit that's in the garden found.

*** We have received the like anſwer from a north country ſailor at Exmouth; Adrianus; R. Holwell, and S. Murch, of Exeter; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; and W. Mann, of Aſhburton.

A N A G R A M.

IF from a correſpondent's name
A letter you reduce,
You'll find what is, by ſea and land,
Deem'd of important uſe.

A CHARADE, *by J. James, of Hinton St. George.*

MY beginning is firſt, and ever will be;
My ſecond's a wager, you plainly will ſee;
Without my aſſiſtance we illiterate had been,
Correſpondence without me had never been ſeen.

An ENIGMA, *by W. Gifford, of South Petherton.*

LO! here come I, full bent to try
To make ſome ſport and laughter;
When I rehearſe, in ſimple verſe,
My ſhapely form hereafter.

Now don't forget, I've many feet,
Yet neither legs or thighs, Sir;
My body's ſmall, and that's not all—
I've neither face nor eyes, Sir:

But what avails, I've many nails,
Which decorate my body;
Yet toes I've none, I'm deaf and dumb—
You'll think me now a noddy.

But I'm well known in ev'ry town,
By all, both low and great, Sir;
And to my truſt I'm ſometimes juſt,
And ſometimes prove a cheat, Sir.

POETRY.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER,

TO A BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

SWEET cherub! on whoſe infant brow
The balmy pow'rs of peace appear;
Where health's ambroſial roſes glow,
Unſullied by miſfortune's tear;

For thee, on memory's ſainted ſhrine,
Abſorb'd in dreams of happier hours,
The plaintive muſe aſpires to twine
A wreath of hope's elyſian flow'rs.

Like thee, lov'd innocent! I've known
Thoſe harmleſs joys; thoſe ſlumbers mild;
When erſt in life's unclouded dawn
The ſun of peace ſerenely ſmil'd.

But where are now thoſe joyous dreams?
Or where the orb that ſhone ſo bright?
Ah! robb'd of all its golden beams,
And whelm'd in ſorrow's tenfold night.

Yet ſtill on thee may pleaſure ſhine,
And gaily paint each opening view;
May all thoſe ſweets be doubly thine,
Which once this cheerleſs boſom knew.

When doom'd, dear infant! to confide
To life's rude ſtream thy tender form,
May guardian angels ſmooth the tide,
And lull to reſt each angry ſtorm.

Thus undiſturb'd by mis'ry's gale,
Which many a fragile bark deſtroys,
May heavenly hope diſtend thy ſail,
And waft thee to eternal joys.

COLIN.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

WELCOME, ſweet harbinger of ſpring,
A cheering flower thou art;
An omen winter's on the wing,
And ready to depart.

Thou'rt firſt of all the flowery train,
Thy early thanks to pay;
Nor dread'ſt the froſt, the blaſt, the rain,
Or e'en the coldeſt day.

But rob'd in innocence divine,
Thou doſt thy leaves expand;
To bleſs us with thoſe ſweets of thine,
And cheer our drooping land.

The

The upright, like this peerleſs flower,
Shall ſtand misfortune's ſhock:
No wicked foe ſhall him o'erpower,
Or force him from his rock.

W. GIFFORD.

South Petherton.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *on the* DEATH *of my* FRIEND J. H.

THOU dear companion of my youthful days!
To paint thy virtues claims more noble lays.
Tho' 'tis the will of the Omniſcient God,
I mourn thy early call from this abode;
Juſt in thy prime, and like an op'ning roſe,
Thou didſt begin thy beauties to diſcloſe.
Not to his perſon is my muſe confin'd—
Reſplendent were the beauties of his mind;
In friendſhip firm, in diſpoſition mild,
And temp'rance claim'd him as her fav'rite child;
With filial love his gentle breaſt did glow,
He was to vice a moſt invet'rate foe;
Religion taught him fortune's frowns to bear,
And with his mite, to mis'ry give a tear;
Yea! more than this did all his life employ,
But now he's fled where ſorrows ne'er annoy;
And may his ſoul with heav'nly ſouls unite,
To taſte the ſweets of pure, unmix'd delight.

Dartmouth, 1805. A. KYNE, Jun.

On the PRACTICAL INFLUENCE *of* RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

By the late WILLIAM COWPER, *Eſq.*

BUT the ſame word, that, like the poliſh'd ſhare,
Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care,
Kills, too, the flowery weeds, where'er they grow,
That bind the ſinner's Bacchanalian brow.
O! that unwelcome voice of heavenly love,
Sad meſſenger of mercy from above!
How does it grate upon his thankleſs ear,
Crippling his pleaſures with the cramp of fear!
His will and judgment at continual ſtrife,
That civil war imbitters all his life:
In vain he points his pow'rs againſt the ſkies,
In vain he cloſes or averts his eyes,
Truth will intrude—ſhe bids him yet beware,
And ſhakes the ſceptic in the ſcorner's chair.

Tho' various foes againſt the truth combine,
Pride above all oppoſes her deſign;
Pride, of a growth ſuperior to the reſt,
The ſubtleſt ſerpent, with the loftieſt creſt,
Swells at the thought, and, kindling into rage,
Would hiſs the cherub mercy from the ſtage.

EPIGRAM.

THERE's but one wiſe man in the world;
And who d'ye think it be?
'Tis this man, that man, t'other man;
Every man thinks 'tis he.